THE

# DEVILIAD.

AN

## Heroic POEM, &c.

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# Heroic POEM.

—— Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem.

JUV.

LONDON:

Printed for W. BICKERTON, at the *Gazette*, in the *Temple-Exchange*, near the *Inner Temple-Gate*, *Fleet-Street*.

M,DCC,XLIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

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## Heroic POEM.

PREFACE.

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THE following Poem, of which some few Lines were at first writ for my own Amusement only, never design'd in the rough Manner it appears, for Publication, is the Product of a very wintry Afternoon, when the Weather did not invite me to walk abroad, and the Fire and Candle-light forbad Reading. The Subject and the Poem, in which the Character of a very worthy Magistrate is so much concern'd, that I should be to blame, if I did not desire the Reader to be there.

Printed for W. Bickerton, at the Queen's Arms in the Temple-Exchange, near the Temple-Gate, Fleet-Street.

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# THE PREFACE.

THE following Poem (of which ſome few Lines were at firſt writ for my own Amuſement only) had perhaps never ſeen the Light, or at leaſt not have been finiſh'd in the rough Manner it now appears, had not a ridiculous Pamphlet made its Way into the World, call'd *The Juſtice and the Footmen*, in which the Character of a very WORTHY Magiſtrate is ſo monſtrouſly treated, that I found it impoſſible to be ſilent.

*Quem Natura negat, facit Indignatio Verſum.* HOR.

I hope the candid Reader will forgive me, if like the Generality of my Brother Scribblers, who seldom give a Reason for what they do, I have thro' Want of Time borrow'd a little both from the Antients and the Moderns; all which Passages are referr'd to in the Notes.

# *The* Argument.

ON Saturday *laſt Col.* De Veil *having receiv'd Orders not to ſuffer the Brothers of the Cloth, as they call themſelves, to meet at* Hickford's *Great Room in* Panton Street, *near the* Hay-Market, *and to put a Stop to the Directors and Rengleaders of ſuch an unlawful Aſſembly, at a Time when the Government is threatned from abroad and at home; Col.* De Veil, *in purſuance of that Order, ſent to the Proprietor of that Room and his Agents, and acquainted them with it, telling them the Danger they would incur if they permited it, and it had it's proper Effect; but a Poſſy of between Two and Three Hundred Perſons went about Six o'Clock at Night, and demanded the Poſſeſſion of the ſaid Room, which they had hired, and being refus'd it, they grew ſo impetuous and boiſterous, that the Perſon who had lett them the Room was glad to ſhake them off, by making uſe of Col.* De Veil's *Name, and telling them he had got the Key of the ſaid Room; which ſo incens'd them, that they came in a*

*Body*

*Body of near Three Hundred Perſons to Col.* De Veil's *Houſe, at about half an Hour after Six in the Evening, and knocking at his Door, the Servant knowing nothing of this Riot and Tumult open'd it, when three of the moſt audacious of them ruſh'd into Col.* De Veil's *Office, where he happen'd to be alone, and ſtepping up to him, with great Imprecations, behind the Bar, with a Tone that declared an Intention of putting him immediately to Death, aſk'd him in a moſt inſolent Manner to deliver them the Key of a Room they had hir'd in* Panton Street; *but as Col.* De Veil *never had any Key, nor did not then know any ſuch Thing had been inſus'd in their Heads, he was greatly ſurpriz'd at ſuch a Demand, and perceiving that the foremoſt of the ſaid three Men was lifting up his Arm to knock the Col. down, and that the Deportment of thoſe Perſons denoted nothing but Deſtruction (a Servant Maid being by this Time come into his Office) he jump'd at once upon a Caſe of Piſtols which lay by him on his Deſk, and preſenting the ſame to that foremoſt Man, he by that means got to the Door of the Office which leads to another outward Room, and keeping his Piſtol ſtill preſented, oblig'd them to remain in the Office-Room: When they found themſelves diſappointed, all their Aim was then to return to their main Body, join'd by that Time by the Playhouſe Gang; but Col.* De Veil *declaring he would ſhoot the firſt Man that uſed Violence, they were forc'd to remain in the ſaid Office, where with much Difficulty, the Street being*

*ſo*

*ſo fill'd, and the Door beſet by numberleſs Perſons, he got the Aſſiſtance of three or four Neighbours, and a Conſtable; by this Time the Multitude finding their Ambaſſadors did not return to them, they began to uſe all Manner of Imprecations, and declared they would put the Col. to Death, and in a very ſhort Space of Time broke all the Windows of the Houſe, and with Stones of at leaſt a dozen Pound Weight broke the Wood-Work and Frame of the Street Door, and with Hatchets ſplitting the Pannels of the ſaid Door, they beat them into the Houſe, and in about two Hours and a half (being all the Time in this horrible Situation) they made their way into the Houſe, where nothing but Death was expected: However Col.* De Veil *took Poſſeſſion of the Stair-Caſe fronting the Street-Door, and at about ten Steps to the Landing-Place, he placed himſelf with a Blunderbuſs and ſix Piſtols, being reſolved to die there, and defend to the laſt Moment his poor terrified Family, particularly his eldeſt Daughter, who loſt her Senſes for ſome time. The Guards had been ſent for almoſt three Hours before, but could not come to the Colonel's Aſſiſtance till the Mob had entirely broke into his Houſe, and reſcued the three Priſoners, which he kept to the laſt Moment, for it was utterly impoſſible to attempt a Commitment in that horrible and dangerous Situation. The three People that were reſcued gave their Names in,* William Davis, James Brooks, *and* John White; *the firſt is a Man of above ſix Foot high, the other two of a middling*

# The Argument.

*Size. One only Perſon was ſecured, who acted as a Ringleader, and is a reputed Pickpoket, and was committed by Col.* De Veil. *The Damage done to Col.* De Veil's *Houſe (which looks like a Ship after an Engagement) and his Furniture, is very conſiderable.*

*Vide Daily Advertiſer, March 12, 1744.*

THE

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# DEVILIAD, &c.

ARMS, and the Knighted Col'nel, Muſe, relate,
His inſtant Danger, and ſuperior Fate;
Who fear'd no Colours, equal to ſurpaſs
Blue, Brown, or Yellow, and the burniſh'd Braſs;
Who cool, and dauntleſs ſaw the *Bow-ſtreet* Fray,
And taught rebellious Lacqueys to obey:
Beheld his Dome like * Ship in Tempeſt toſt
His Door all batter'd, and his Knocker loſt.
Alternate ſing (for ſofter Thoughts inſpire)
To tender Pity ſtrike the trembling Lyre;

 How

* *Vide* Argument.

How young *Aſtræa* on the Stair-caſe ſtood,
How ſhe ſaw flow imaginary Blood;
Call *Mavos* and ſoft *Venus* to thy Aid,
To paint the piſtol'd Sire, and frighted Maid.

Indignant long the *Britiſh* Servants view'd
Their Rights invaded by a foreign Brood;
The Vail ſlip'd frequent into *Gallic* Hands,
Superior Favours, and more nice Commands.

'Twas on a Day when Popular Applauſe
Call'd forth both Senates to their Country's Cauſe,
Each Noble's Servants met obſequious there,
To ſhare the Viands of heſternal Chear,
Their Houſe a Senate, and that Houſe — the *Star*.

When Flavius thus, — " My Brothers of the Cloth,
" My Fellows all of Servitude and Sloth,

" Touch

" Touch not theſe Remnants, till you firſt ſhall hear "
" What ſhou'd command each *Britiſh* Servant's Ear: "
" Say, do not mighty Grievances oppreſs? "
" And can you bear, when able to redreſs!
" Can you be ſilent, while the fawning Bow
" Of cringing *Frenchmen* makes your Service low?
" * While all your honeſt Induſtry is croſt,
" And each Emolument of Labour loſt?
" While baſe exotic Fingers only feel
" The once dear Vails of Ombre and Quadrille?
" Periſh that Wretch amongſt us, who receives
" Commands from ſuch a Paradox of Knaves,
" Inſolent Beggars, and imperious Slaves.
" Now by the ſacred Rainbow here I ſwear,
" † (That Oath, whoſe Violation moſt I fear,)

" Sooner

* *Hic tunc Umbricius, Quando Artibus, inquit, honeſtis*
*Nullus in Urbe Locus, nulla Emolumenta Laborum.* Juv. Sat. 3.

† ——————— *Stygis irremeabilis Unda*
*Perquam Dii jurare timent, & fallere Numen.* Ovid.

" Sooner theſe Temples ſhall a Bowl-Diſh crown,
" Theſe Locks crop'd round, and all their Glory gone;
" * Theſe curling Ringlets, which no more ſhall grow
" The Wiſh of ſighing Maid, or envying Beau;
" I'd firſt return, by yon bright Heav'n I vow,
" To my paternal Fields, and native Plough;
" Forget to ſtrut behind the Courtier's Heels,
" Or ſwang all graceful 'midſt his Chariot Wheels;
" † Than, as I hourly am, be teaz'd again
" By theſe faint Images, theſe Ghoſts of Men.
" For tho' attendant on a Maſter's Will,
" We are the Sons of *Engliſh* Freedom ſtill."

He ſpoke, and all receiv'd the common Cauſe
With Conſternation wild, and mute Applauſe.

As

* Καὶ μὰ τόδε σκῆπτρον, τὸ μὲν ὄυποτε φύλλα καὶ ὄζους φύσει. Hom. Iliad. Lib. α.

† Τῦλε μὲ ἀργυρέοις φυχαὶ Εἴδωλα καμόντων. Hom. Iliad. Lib. ψ.

As when a Hackney-Coachman leaves his Fare,
And turns unknowing when to go, or where;
As when purſuing Bailiff's threat'ning Hand
Confounds the Debtor, or to run or ſtand;
As is the Tranſport, and the ſtrong Surprize,
When Light returns to long benighted Eyes,
When *Taylor*, great Empyric, draws away
The dark'ning Film, and gives again the Day:
Thus ſat, as Thunder-ſtruck, the mottley Hoſt
And all their Praiſe in Admiration loſt.

Till grave *Purpureus*, Peer of Judgment found,
* His Eyes juſt rais'd an Inch above the Ground,
Himſelf half bent upon his bending Oak,
Three Times eſſay'd to ſpeak, --- and then he ſpoke

" Tho'

* *Oculos paulum Tellure remotos.* Ovid.

" Tho' Dangers far remote, and diſtant Fear
" Cou'd never yet alarm this dauntleſs Ear;
" Tho' now, great *Flavius*, in Religion's Eaſe
" Secure, I feel no Grievances like theſe;
" (My Lord a Rev'rend Prelate, and I hope,
" Who hates the *French*, the Devil, and the *Pope*)
" Yet when I weigh th' uncertain State of thoſe,
" Who forc'd by Fortune, wear their Maſter's Cloaths;
" (To-morrow's Sun with inauſpicious Ray
" Riſing, may ſee that hapleſs Man obey
" The travell'd Prig, who bears the Lawn to Day:)
" That curſed Thought glows ardent at my Heart,
" Braces each Nerve, each Fibre takes the Part
" Of injur'd Liberty, of Freedom gone,
" And here I ſtand confeſs'd *Britannia*'s Son.
" Drive, drive theſe Vagrants to their native Lands,
" Their barren Fields, unhoſpitable Sands;

" No more to ſmile beneath a *Britiſh* Sky,
" While *Paris* knows to puff, or the *Gaſcon* can lye."
The Patriot ſpoke —— Praiſe thro' th' Aſſembly ran,
All thought they heard the Prelate, — in his Man.

When next *Cærulius* roſe, —— quick from his Eye
The Sparks of Anger and of Fury fly;
Hot Party-Rage inflames his ardent Cauſe,
Such Rage, as Patriots vent o'er dying Laws; ——
Long had he ſerv'd (and then with Joy he ſerv'd)
The mighty Leader of the Patriot Herd;
His Maſter's Principles with Eaſe went down,
And (for he thought 'em honeſt) made his own:
But ah! what Changes will not Time produce!
Ev'n Honeſty is ſubject to Abuſe:
His Patriot-Maſter had the Cauſe betray'd, ——
Perhaps a Bribe, —— perhaps a Title ſway'd; ——

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His Patriot-Maſter had the Cauſe betray'd, ——
Perhaps a Bribe, —— perhaps a Title ſway'd; ——

But ſtill the Footman kept his Conſcience pure,
No Bribe cou'd win him, and no Title lure.

* Can higheſt Worth in Lacquey-Boſoms dwell?—
The Man kept honeſt—— tho' the Maſter fell!
Yet ('tis a Satyr on theſe vicious Times)
He eat his Victuals,—but abhor'd his Crimes.

And thus he ſpoke—"My Countrymen and Friends,
"Why do we meet—if not for noble Ends?
"A more affecting Cauſe was never heard;
"The Point is this,—muſt we be fed—or ſtarv'd! †
"If *Frenchmen* rule, 'tis plain we cannot eat,
"Nay ſhou'd we meſs with them—their's is not Meat,
"Soup-maigre and Ragouſts are all their Treat.

We

* *Tantæne Animis cæleſtibus Iræ.* VIRG.

† The Author is certain that theſe two Lines do not rhyme properly to each other, but expects that the Reader will balance that Deficiency with the Weighteineſs of the Sentiment.

We muſt (my Stomach ſpeaks, my Thoughts are free)
" We muſt have *Engliſh* Beef --- and Liberty.
" Damn all the *French* --- (with Rev'rence to the Chair)
" I hope I cannot damn one *Frenchman* here:
" I hate theſe Locuſts, damn the foreign Crew,
" The Curſe of *Ægypt*, --- and the Curſe of you;
" What have they brought us from their tawny *France*?
" The Ape-dreſs'd Faſhion, and unmeaning Dance,
" The Cringe fallacious, the conforming Grin,
" The lank, lean Viſage, and the *Noded* Shin:
" No --- let us riſe my Friends, to end their Reign,
" And kick the ſkinny Raſkals back again.
" One *Engliſh* true-bred Footman far outweighs
" An hundred complimenting *French* Valets.
" Yes we will meet, my Friends to fix their Doom,
" And our * *Pandoulium* ſhall be *Hickford's* Room.



* Vide *Milton's Pandæmonium.*

He ſpoke, the Joy that glow'd on ev'ry Face
Confirm'd that all approv'd the deſtin'd Place.
† *Stump* roar'd the Senate Man by Man away,
And finiſh'd was the Buſineſs of the Day.
All to their ſev'ral Chariots quick repair,
And ride triumphant in their Maſter's Rear.

When Fame, induſtrious ev'ry Ill to ſing,
High on a *Daily Advertiſer*'s Wing,
Sounds the dire Tumults and domeſtic Jars
From *Hyde-Park* Corner, to *White-Chapel* Bars.
What Servant rous'd not at the wiſh'd Alarm?
Dead were the Man, whom Glory cannot warm!
St. *James*'s Sons firſt felt the God-like Flame,
Their Colours diff'rent, but their Hearts the ſame.

The

† A remarkable Perſon, who for ſome Years has made it his Buſineſs to call the Noblemen's Servants.

The bliſsful News next reach'd the City's Ear,
Where tho' all cannot read, yet all can hear.
Bleſt be thoſe Walls, they cry'd, that ſacred Place,
By Fate deſign'd the End of our Diſgrace.
Frequent, and full in Clubs, the Lacqueys meet,
The Common-Council of each diff'rent Street.
Domeſtic Secrets now engage no more,
My Lady's Gaming, or the Knight's Amour;
That Miſs, when all the Houſe in Sleep was laid,
In Shepherdeſs's ſimple Garb array'd,
Scour'd with the Captain to the Maſquerade.
Greater the Cauſe, and Nobler was the Theme,
Love was inſipid, 'twas an idle Dream:
'Twas their's Old *England*'s Glory to advance,
And check th' aſpiring Inſolence of *France!*

Shall Rumours great as theſe remain confin'd?
Muſt Juſtice too be deaf, becauſe ſhe's blind?

No!

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No! *Bow-ſtreet* trembled at the wild Uproar,
The Col'nel felt, who never felt before;
Pale in an Inſtant was his grizzly Beard,
He heard, he read, he wonder'd, and he fear'd!

* " *Br——n*, ſaid he, thou ever faithful Youth,
" Whoſe Courage I have prov'd, whoſe matchleſs Truth,
" Whoſe Secrecy and Care in niceſt Truſt
" Have mark'd thee ever faithful, ever juſt;
" Purſue my Steps of Honour, O purſue
" The Path of Fame I've trod, and leave to you!
" Take this Commiſſion from thy Maſter's Hand,
" Men, and Half-men, Threeſcore ſhalt thou command;
" Each riſing Year theſe Honours ſhall enhance,
" Field-Marſhal ſhalt thou be—— in *Petty-France*.

" But let Ambition for a while be ſtill,
" Forget the Fire-lock's roar, and take the Quill:

" Such

* The Juſtice's Clerk, he lately made a Captain in the Militia.

" Such Dangers now advance, as drive afar
" * All Pomp and Circumſtance of Buff-coat War.
" Know'ſt thou not *Panton-ſtreet*, that there a Dome
" Erſt was for Mirth deſign'd, call'd *Hickford*'s Room.
" Where oft from *Phillis* at the Country-Dance
" Has ſtoll'n to fav'rite *Tom* th' enchanting Glance;
" Where Pigmy Monarchs tread the Tragic Stage,
" And Milliners deſpair, and Barbers rage;
" Where I have ſeen the Blood of Heroes ſpilt,
" And a damn'd Concert was its worſt of Guilt.
" There now Deſtruction dwells, and deadly Fear,
" And Dangers in their uglieſt Forms appear:
" ‡ 'Tis now with all thoſe direful Engines fraught,
" That Rage invented, or that Fury taught
" The *Greeks* and antient *Romans*, when they fought.
" Here ſtands that Engine of ſtupendous Pow'r,
" The great *Helepolis*, or moving Tow'r.

" Which

* Shakeſpear's *Othello*.

‡ The Military Machines of the Ancients, now ſhewn at the *Royal Exchange*, were at that Time exhibited there.

" Which in an Inſtant from the Street below
" Darts to the Cock-Loft Thouſands of the Foe.
" The *Aries* there, that bears proud Caſtles down,
" And cloud-cap'd Turrets levels with the Ground.
" And, O ye mighty *Græcians* dead, declare
" What *Catapulta*'s, and *Baliſta*'s are.
" This dreadful Place, this Manſion big with Fate
" The Servants make their Chamber of Debate.
" Here they reſolve"— But ſtrait his Face o'erſpread
" A clammy Dew, and all his Colour fled.

When *Br—n* thus: " My Fame's, my Honour's Sire,
" Whom not to imitate, were not to t'admire,
" From your Example have I learn't to feel
" The great Effects of all-tranſporting Zeal:
" And yet forgive me, Sir, when I declare,
" The preſent Danger ſcarce is worth your Care.

Before

" Before an Hour be paſt, this idle Scheme,
" This petty Faction ſhall be all a Dream.
" Let Sleep, a Stranger to thoſe watchful Brows,
" Your warring Spirits for a while compoſe:
" Seek not to know the well digeſted Thought,
" To your glad Ear Succeſs ſhall ſoon be brought."

He ſpoke, and darted forth; ſo ſwift he flew,
That *Covent-Garden* quickly loſt the View:
With greater Joy did *Hermes* never move
To execute the high Beheſts of *Jove*.

Mean while the Knight with lab'ring Cares oppreſt,
Sunk into ſoft Repoſe, and balmy Reſt.
When to his dreaming Thought, in Braſs array'd,
Seem'd at his Feet to ſtand a Heav'n-born Maid,
Hight *Bronze* 'mong'ſt the Gods, tho' the dim Senſe
Of mortal Men has ſtyl'd her *Impudence*:

Diſmiſs your Cares, ſaid ſhe, my darling Son,
* True Virtue unappall'd dares yet go on.
My Father *Vulcan*, in that luckleſs Hour,
When Dangers moſt aſſail, has giv'n me Pow'r
With Aid Divine to ſuccour thy Diſtreſs,
And crown thy Labours with aſſur'd Succeſs.

This ſpoke, the Goddeſs ſeem'd to diſappear,
Her Form diſſolving into ambient Air.

Divine *Aſtræa*, who with filial Care
Watching his Couch, breath'd many a fervent Prayer,
Around his Face ſaw lambent Gladneſs flow,
Soft was his Breath, and all ſerene his Brow.
She cry'd (whilſt Tears of Joy adown her ran)
† *Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man.*

*Br—n*, whom Zeal on Wings of Love had bore,
Half breathleſs rapp'd inceſſant at the Door.

The

* *Virtus interrita pergit.* † *Vide* Addiſon's Cato.

The Juſtice from his golden Dream awoke,
Sprung eager from the Couch, and *Br——n* ſpoke.

" From this auſpicious Moment let me date
" The future Colour of my better Fate.
" The Work at length is done; ſee, Maſter, ſee
" The End of this Cabal, behold this Key!
" Now let theſe Sons of boaſted Freedom meet,
" Talk to the Stones, and grumble to the Street;
" While this is your's, no Entrance ſhall they find
" To that dire Place their Raſhneſs had deſign'd
" Their Council's Seat; where from the Womb of Night
" The abortive Miſchief had been brought to Light.

As when th' obſervant Poacher ſees a Hare
Or Coney ſtruggling in the fatal Snare;
Soon he forgets, exulting with Delight,
The tedious Watchings of the live-long Night.

Such Change the Juſtice felt, thro' every Part
Swift flow'd the Blood, and wanton'd at his Heart.
Deluded Mortals ever judge amiſs,
Tranſient their Joys, and fleeting is their Bliſs!
Swift as the Clouds, that bruſh the darken'd Sky,
Or ſwifter yet,—as ſwift as Thought can fly.
For juſt Reſentment, and an honeſt Pride
(The Doors unopen'd, and the Key deny'd)
To *Bow-ſtreet* urge th' exaſperated Throng,
* A Stable *Phalanx*, Man by Man along.
And now the Din approaches, Hark—what Noiſe!
Pick-Pockets, Foot-men, Bunters, Bawds, and Boys!
The Tumult riſes, loud the frantic Roar,
Death and Deſtruction thunder at the Door.
Enervate Muſe, thy Colours are too faint,
O veil thoſe Horrors which thou can'ſt not paint.

Three choſen Men were ſent, a better three
Cou'd ne'er demand, or Juſtice, or a Key;

Sober

* *Phalanx erat* Peditum *ſtabile agmen.* Quint. Curt.

Sober and grave; for well the Cheiftains knew,
Paſſion might fail, calm Reaſon muſt ſubdue.

Three Hours had paſs'd, all waited at the Door,
But ſaw their ſage Ambaſſadors no more.

*Flavius* had ſtifl'd his Reſentment long,
*Flavius*, the firſt and braveſt of the Throng;
Till his big Heart unable to contain
Its Rage, burſt forth, and thus the Chief began.
Gods! whence this Tameneſs, whence this abject Fear?
* As if the firſt were hardly worth our Care,
Muſt we, my Friends, this ſecond Inſult bear?
Detain our Meſſengers, without a Cauſe!
A Violation 'tis of Nations Laws.
Henceforth all Order in Confuſion die,
Periſh the ſacred Name of Embaſſy.
Had our Fore-fathers thus inglorious ſtood,
When War preſented wide the Scene of Blood;

They

* *Rapta ſemel, videor bis quoque digna rapi?* Ovid. Epiſt.

They ne'er from Scheveningen and *Crieff*'s Field
Had brought th' indented Helm, and batter'd Shield.
Rouze, rouze at once, 'tis Liberty commands,
Our Friends impriſon'd call your tardy Hands;
Bear down the Gates, be the Aſſault began,
Force we a Paſſage to this treacherous Man;
Let ev'ry *Britiſh* Heart and Hand comply
To bring forth our Ambaſſadors, or die.
The Chief ſcarce ended, * when tumultuous flew
Sticks Stones, Potatoes from the mottley Crew,
And Brickbats ever mark'd with bloody Hue:
Dreadful! as if th' Antipodes had hurl'd
War and fell Vengeance from the nether World.

The direful Din pierc'd young *Aſtræa*'s Ears,
A Nymph of heav'nly Mould, unus'd to Fears:
Before her awful Sire ſhe oft had ſeen
The Derby Captain, and the drunken Queen.

Calm

* *Jamque Faces & ſaxa volant, Furor Arma Miniſtrat.* Virg.

Calm and ſerene the Mittimus had read,
When Heads were broken, and when Noſes bled.
But this, a Shock ſo dreadful, as might make
*Bonduca* tremble, or *Thalestris* quake.
Shrieking from Room to Room ſhe forc'd her Way,
Nor knew ſhe how to fly, nor where to ſtay.
Thrice from her Cheeks th' affrighted Blood retir'd,
The Lilly faded, and the Roſe expir'd.
Speak now, my Muſe, in tendreſt Words expreſs
The wild Confuſion and the deep Diſtreſs
The Juſtice felt, his agonizing Cares,
Much for himſelf, but more for her he fears:
Alike by Glory and Affection toſt,
And half the Hero in the Father loſt.

When in an Inſtant enter'd all ſerene
*Bronze*, to ev'ry Eye but his unſeen;
Three times the Goddeſs with uplifted Hand,
Wav'd o'er the Deſk her brazen Magic Wand:

Inſtant

Inſtant each Pen and Quill a Piſtol was,
And the wide Pen-caſe turn'd a Blunderbuſs.
Thus greatly arm'd uproſe the doughty Chief,
Reſolv'd to die, or bring the Fair Relief.
Firm on the Stair-caſe ſtood, confeſt to View,
The Doors burſt open, and the Footmen flew.
Nor unrewarded was this God-like Deed,
The Royal Sword wav'd glorious o'er his Head;
New Honours on his creſted Helm alight,
He knecl'd a Col'nel, and he roſe a Knight.
† Illuſtrious Chief, whoſe Triumphs to rehearſe
Shall be the conſtant Labour of my Verſe,
Long live and flouriſh, live this warlike Feat,
While Rogues and Judges at *Old Baily* meet,
Till *Paddingtonian Tripos* ceaſe to groan
For Thieves unborn, and Traytors yet unknown.

* ——— *Siquid mea Carmina poſſint*
*Nulla dies unquam, &c.* Virg. Lib. 9.

FINIS.